

# With Your Lips On My Skin

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Summary: She's always been beautiful in your eyes, since the first time you met her, but you thought that was mere admiration. So young and already so far off in life. Definitely admiration. Your relationship is always been kind of odd, a mixture of glances and monosyllables from your part and so many smiles and kind words from hers.

## With Your Lips On My Skin

When the bell rings she arrives running, greets everyone with a smile and stops in front of us to catch her breath.

It happens every morning, she and her sister being late.

The difference is that her sister has to park her bike before coming here. She doesn't really care much about being on time, it seems.

"Hi!" the younger sister, the one with the black hair, breathes.

She bends forward, hands on her knees and little beads of sweat covering her slightly tanned skin, she looks at each of us with those joyful silver irises of hers and her trademark pearly white smile.

She hesitates as my eyes meet hers, swirling clouds of emotions that I can't recognize.

Her smile momentarily fades, but the moment she notices I'm observing her, her beam takes again its place on her still child-like face, but it's somehow different, sweeter, gentler.

The sound of boots thumping on the concrete, crossing the parking lot and nearing, makes both of us turn towards its source.

A busty girl with a lean physique opens the glass door and takes off her orange helmet, freeing a cascade of golden locks and directing her amethyst eyes towards us. She smiles too, at one person in particular.

The girl with the jet-black wavy hair on my right, the one who wears glasses and has a book to her chest, reciprocates the gesture and, when they're close enough to one another, lightly kisses her on the lips.

"Oh c'mon, quit it. Stop playing at lovebirds, we all know you're together, no need to show off!" a boy with blue eyes and platinum hair laughs.

The blonde just smiles mischievously and pinches her partner's butt, earning herself a mighty hit with a too-thick literature textbook.

We all laugh, as this isn't really an uncommon scene, then someone notices the clock's hands. So we say our goodbyes, everyone heading to their respective classes, late as usual.

The blue haired boy beside Sun waves at us before walking with him towards the gym.

The only one who didn't even smile at Yang's antics is Ruby, who sighs as we step in the chemistry lab.

Looking at the tips of her hair I remember that it was an incident with a wrong compound to dye them permanently of a bright red color. I think that's a perfect mirror of her personality.

When the professor sees us, she sighs and doesn't even bother writing a note, looking more like she's deciding which of us to name her headache after.

We already know our fate all too well: to clean the school with the others in our group that arrived late to class. It's always like this.

I look at Ruby who is putting on her lab coat, fighting with one of the sleeves. She's childish sometimes, but also undeniably beautiful. When she's absorbed in her thoughts though, when the gray in her eyes becomes plumbeous, she is even more than that.

Looking at her now, no one would ever say she's only fifteen. She was allowed to attend university because she's something really close to a genius of mechanics. I couldn't believe it at first, but the moment I witnessed her work I knew they hadn't made a mistake moving her two years ahead. She's the one who assembled the bike her sister brings her to school with everyday and she did it with oil stained hands and a smile on her face.

She smiles when she notices I'm staring at her again and silently asks me if everything's alright.

I nod and smile too, unable to tell her the truth. I can't understand

what she's thinking and she's been acting weird around me these past few days. But I can't judge anyone, I am too.

It's raining and we are the last ones to get out of the school building.

There was a fight in the cafeteria between three of our friends and a group of bullies. Between black eyes and dislocated shoulders they all got sent home or to the hospital.

Ruby seems absent again as she watches the raindrops fall from the sky and crash on the ground with the lightest sound. "What do we do?" she asks.

I sigh and unglue my eyes from her figure, looking at the grayness surrounding us. "You can come to my house if you want. No one's home."

I don't know why I felt the need to add that last bit. She doesn't seem to care.

"Run?" she offers. It really doesn't look like we have other options.

"Run."

So we sprint under the pouring rain, feet pounding on the concrete and splashing in pools of water. Ruby is alluring, as her now dripping wet figure runs in front of me, her movements graceful, and essential, probably thanks to her many years of athletics. She won every competition she entered.

My house is close to school, but not enough for us to not get wet. At the door I frantically search for my keys trying to not get us wetter than we already are.

When we step in the hall I know we look more like open faucets than girls, with the water pooling at our feet and all.

"Wait here a second" I say. "I'm going to grab some towels."

When we've taken off our shoes and the articles of clothing that are really too soaked, we look at each other for a moment without saying anything.

Her eyes are so deep, even darker than this morning. Goddamnit, why can't I understand what she's thinking about?

She's so childish sometimes I don't even know how she can manage her life, but at times like these, where she's staring at me so hard it's like she's trying to explore my soul, I don't know anymore.

I am the first one to interrupt eye contact and I already miss the anthracite colour.

"I think you'd like to shower? I have some clothes that should fit you, if you want."

She smiles. "Thank you Weiss, and sorry for intruding, it was very kind of you to offer me to come here." That oddly ambiguous smile

again.

"Don't worry, I'd never let you freeze to death under the pouring rain."

I hear her giggle as we step up the stairs and I have to fight the instinct to turn around to see her face.

I subconsciously switch to a tone I'd use with servants, but again, she doesn't seem to notice. Or she straight up ignores it.

"The bathroom's that way, the towels are in the left cabinet. I'll be in my room, the one with the blue door."

She only nods as she closes the door behind her back and I sigh both in relief and frustration. What happened? And why does her presence have this effect on me? I'm probably going crazy.

I go to my room and rummage through the drawers to find some decent clothes to give her. All the while I'm accompanied by the sound of streaming water.

When it stops I sit on the edge of the bed, waiting.

She appears at the door I purposefully left open clad in only a white towel and with her hair still wet and ruffled. My breath gets caught in my throat for a second.

"Was I fast enough?" she beams as she approaches the bed. How do her mood swings actually work?

I nod, still unable to form proper words. "T-those are clean clothes" I manage.

As I'm getting out of the room to take a shower myself she speaks.

"Weiss?"

I stop and turn around to face her. "Thank you again, I really mean it."

I nod and start walking again. I am a complete imbecile, that's all there is to say.

When in the shower, I set the water on scalding hot to try and make the cold in my bones go away. I was never one to be bothered by it, but the humid sensation of the rain sticking to my skin is one of the things I really can't bear.

I close my eyes and hum as I feel the warmth spreading.

It's strange thinking that Ruby just used this same shower. I don't know why, it just is.

Thoughts born in some dark part of my mind insinuate themselves between the sound of streaming water and the rhythm of my heartbeat.

I picture Ruby, her lean figure wrapped in a decidedly too small

towel, entering the bathroom and stripping down just to join me, her irises far too dark and her smile far too adult.

I snap my eyes open with a gasp. My heart won't stop racing as I shake my head trying to get rid of the wave of guilt that took me over.

\_What the fuck just happened? Why did I justâ€\_|\_

I take a deep breath. I'm honestly starting to doubt my sanity.

I go to my room to find Ruby clothed â€“ thank God â€“ sitting on the bed and looking around lazily.

"Feeling any better?"

"Y-yeah" I stutter. "Thank you."

She smiles and looks at me for a second, suddenly making me feel very self conscious. "Do you need a hand drying your hair?" she then asks cocking a brow.

I'm quite surprised at her offer, because drying and brushing my hair is practically hell on Earth. I wouldn't mind some help though.

"W-well, if it doesn't bother you too muchâ€\_|"

She shakes her head, still smiling. "No, don't worry, I volunteered" and she gestures for me to sit beside her.

I stare at her skeptically, but judging from her frown I guess she's not taking the hint. Then she seems to realize.

"Oh my gosh, I-I'm sorry! You want to get dressed!" she blushes heavily, scratching the back of her neck. "Go ahead, I w-won't look!"

As she turns away from me to face the wall, I giggle because right now she doesn't seem anything other than a child.

I hear her giggle too while I take off the towel and start to dress. Now, I'd lie if I said I'm not embarrassed, but I never had any problems changing in front of other girls. It's just her.

When I turn around I notice the quick motion of Ruby's head that returns to face the white wall, her cheeks a deep red.

I feel heat spreading on my face too and I sit beside her without so much as a word. Then I feel her weight shift on the mattress and her hands slowly starting to dry my hair with a towel.

The room is filled with silence for what seems an eternity, then she interrupts the stillness gently moving my hair on my right shoulder and hugging me from behind.

My heart jumps in my throat as I'm very explicitly aware of her lack of a bra, with her breasts pressed against my back.

Her face is buried in the crook of my neck and she's as silent as a

tomb. I just hope she won't notice my heart rate, but that's unlikely.

I am completely at loss as to what I'm supposed to do. "R-Rubyâ€|" I whimper and I swear that was not supposed to come out that way.

She doesn't answer and I can only feel her hot breath tickling my skin. Without any explanation she pulls away and I know she got off the bed.

I'm shocked, not really because of her actions, but because of my response to that. Even if she were completely naked I shouldn't be embarrassed, I shouldn't blush like this and, more importantly, I shouldn't feel that kind of warmth. I should feel that with a guy, not her.

I don't dare move, I hear her sigh. It seem so sad, so broken, almost on the verge of tears.

"Sorry."

It's just a whisper, so feeble I even doubt having heard it.

I gulp, gathering up what's left of my courage, and get up to face Ruby's back. She's hugging herself, I don't know whether it's because she's suddenly cold or if she's trying to hold herself together.

I speak, but my voice comes out more insecure than I would like it to be. "I-it's nothing, don't worryâ€|"

"Iâ€|" Ruby takes a shaky breath but no other sound escapes her lips.

She turns around, eyes cast downward and her hand clutching the opposite arm. Her grip is so tight I'm actually afraid she's hurting herself.

She bites her lip and asks what I'd never expected.

"Can I hug you again?"

She's insecure, nervous, it's the first time I see her struggling, she usually always has her trademark smile. Not this time though.

"I- Wellâ€| Iâ€| Y-ye-"

Even before uttering the last syllable, she's in my arms, hugging my waist like a shipwreck victim would cling to the last floating wooden board.

Her head is on my shoulder and I can feel her heat beating frantically against my chest, suddenly afraid she'll hear my erratic heart rate.

Now that a few moments have passed, I don't know where to put my hands and the only option is gently slipping an arm around her shoulders.

I can smell the scent of my shampoo in her hair, but there's

something sweet, fruity, behind it that makes it unique.

Her whole body is shaking and she tightens her grip with trembling arms. She's breathing heavily, as if the air she's inhaling was pure lead.

"I love you."

For the second time today I can't believe the words that came out of her mouth.

They're three words. Three words that could change everything. But do I want it to change?

I'm still not sure of what she said, her voice too low to actually know, when she does something that's impossible to misunderstand.

As she's pulling away, she lightly touches my collarbone with her lips, a butterfly kiss that hides a terrible amount of sadness.

And yet, despite the sadness, her lips are warm. And warmth is what they leave in their wake on my skin.

Shivers run down my spine at the contact. It's like she marked me with fire.

As soon as our eyes meet the real meaning of her words sinks in.

In those pools of silver there's sadness, bitterness, resignation, regret. And I can't help staring, without saying anything, without doing anything.

The only thing I really want right now is to see her smile again, as bright and happy as always.

How long has she been in love with me? I really don't want to be the cause of her pain, but I can't seem to find a solution to this mess of a situation.

My heart races every time I'm with her, and when I thought I was straight I'm starting to doubt it.

I look at her trembling figure and try to sort out the feelings I have for this dark haired girl.

She shakes her head. "Let it go, I'm sorry. I'll wash your clothes and give them back to you tomorrow."

As she starts to approach the door I grab her wrist.

I don't know why I did it, but the mere idea of letting her go breaks my heart. I don't want her to go.

"Weiss," she sighs, using the same tone someone would use with a stubborn child. "Let me go, don't make this situation worse than it already is."

She's right, what am I doing? If I don't love her back I should let her go.

"But I want you to stay here."

I'm suddenly a child again when I begged father not to leave us alone and my sister just buried my face in her chest, trying to reassure me he would come home soon.

I'm little again and incapable of keeping people I love from slipping through my fingers like water.

"Weiss, I already told you, let it go. I was stupid, the blame's on me, if I go now we can pretend nothing happened."

She's not looking at me and her eyes are filled with bitter tears. My grip on her arm loosens just a tad.

"Now I know there's no place for me, you have your own life and I'm intruding in it. Let go."

"What if you didn't?"

The aggressive expression she wears when she lifts her head doesn't belong on such gentle features.

"What?"

"If you didn't go now, what would happen?"

I need to know so desperately, and the reason for that is still unknown to me. Why is her sadness so captivating?

She starts to protest, but doesn't try to break free of my hold.  
"Weiss, don't—"

"What would happen, Ruby?" I ask again, tightening my grip instinctively.

She sighs for the umpteenth time and a single tear runs down her cheek. She fixes her anthracite eyes on me, briefly glancing at my lips in the process.

"I wouldn't be able to stop myself from kissing you."

A new kind of warmth seeps through me at her words and I blush, thinking that kissing her would only be wonderful. The thought of her lips on mine is enough to give me shivers.

She keeps staring, almost expecting I'll let her go after what she said. But I'm not going to.

A few moments go by without either of us dare move, but soon enough she closes the distance between us and my heart is trying to burst out of my rib cage.

She hesitates for just a second longer, silently asking me for consent, before returning into my arms.

When she kisses me it's as if a bucket of hot water was poured on me. Warmth is radiating from her and is engulfing me in its embrace.

I feel her arms slip around my neck as I place mine on her hips. We

get closer, deepening a kiss that's already heated.

I've never kissed anyone before. Her love is warm, soft, cotton-like. Her lips taste of roses and her mouth is pure honey.

I feel unstable on my feet with her leaning on me, so I search for the bed as I walk backwards and then we both fall on the mattress, our legs entangled.

When Ruby interrupts the kiss to breath, we only stare at each other, panting. Her tongue darts out to wet her lips and I find myself unable to move. She's beautiful and that gesture just gave me the feeling of a lightning bolt.

With her eyes filled with lust "surely mine are mirroring hers" she moves her hands on my chest, slowly tracing the outline of my breasts and torso to stop on my hips, never breaking eye contact.

I can't help feeling as if every place she touches, even through clothes, was suddenly set aflame.

She lowers herself again and I close my eyes, hungry for another kiss.

I want to do it, I really want to, but I'm afraid. I want to stay in her arms for the rest of my life, but it's frightening to realize just how much I care. I realize it suddenly "I'm in love with her - , it doesn't even seem possible, and I'm so stupid. How could I be so blind for all this time?

When I feel two warm drops fall on my cheeks I open my eyes to find out Ruby's crying. At the sight, a crack forms right in the middle of my heart.

"I can't, I can't, I can't" she murmurs, eyes clenched shut, chanting the same two words over and over, her shoulders shaking.

I try to reach her face with a hand, but she recoils, probably involuntarily.

"I can't do it Weiss!" she chokes out trying to dry her tears with the heels of her hands. "I thought I- but I don't-"

"Ruby!" I call her name, but she doesn't seem to hear.

I try to touch her again, but she moves away. "No Weiss, it feels like I'm forcing you- I don't want to do that! I can't go on, it's not fair- you and I-"

Her chest is heaving with sobs and her breathing is ragged. I can't stand seeing her in this state. I grab her face, locking our eyes together.

"Ruby, please, calm down, it's okay."

Her eyes are the ones of a scared animal, so I take a deep breath. Maybe for the first time in my life I genuinely don't trust the words that I'm going to pronounce. I want her to understand, but I'm likely to make a false step.

"I know it seems sudden â€“ it is, actually â€“ but I-I want you to continue. Iâ€œ| think I love you and I'm just realizing it now and I don't want to waste a chance to demonstrate it to you. Forget everything that happened up until now and please, please, believe my words. When I look at you my heart starts pounding, when you kissed me I thought it was the best thing ever, I still think it. I've never felt anything like that, it was special. \_You\_ are special."

When I finish my heart is beating like crazy and her tears have stopped falling, the trails still clear on her cheeks.

She stares at me for a second before blinking, eyes reducing to slits. "You're lying, aren't you?"

Her voice is feeble, broken. She misunderstood completely.

"No!" I hastily reply. "Not at all! I swear I'm telling the truth. The last thing I want to do is hurt you more than I already did, Ruby. I \_want\_ to be with you, I \_want\_ to do this" I say, embarrassingly gesturing between our bodies. "All of it with you, because I love you and I'm not letting you go."

She observes me with a tiny spark of hope in her eyes before burying her face in my chest and crying again.

"Thank you, thank you."

"You really don't have to thank me, silly" I whisper as I feel my eyes itch, tears eager to spill.

I hold her close like she's the most fragile thing in the world, and she probably is right now. I keep stroking her hair until she's calmed down and her breathing has returned to normal again.

She only breaks the silence after a while. "Have you ever thought this could happen?" she asks, the vibrations caused by her voice traveling through my sternum.

I chuckle. "Not really. Honestly, I considered you a brat and a little genius, but too young."

"But there are only two years between us!" she whines, lifting her head to look me in the eyes.

"And even those two years can make a huge difference. It's hard to explain, but I'd never have noticed you, had you been still in high school."

Her expression is a mixture of unamused and 'what the hell are you saying', but then her eyes light up with a spark of malice.

Swiftly putting her hands on my sides she starts tickling me. And I am \_very \_sensible to tickling.

"Weiss Schnee, are you saying I'm not attractive \_because of my age\_!?"

"NO! C-c'mon! I'm t-ticklish! Stop!" I exclaim in-between laughter. As I trash around in a poor attempt at making her stop, I bend my leg, that ends up grinding exactly between \_her\_ legs.

It's totally involuntary and accidental, but it's enough to elicit a moan from Ruby.

We both blush a deep red, as she covers her mouth as quickly as humanly possible. She visibly gulps and we keep staring at each other in embarrassed silence.

"I'm sorry I- It's justâ€|"

"We can go on if you want."

"What?"

"I said: we can go on if you want" I repeat more slowly and a bit more confidently. The fact I want to continue what we were doing is not helping at all though.

Judging from the sound she made, I assume she's as turned on as me, but she seems a tad too indecisive on the matter.

I take the first step, taking her rosy cheeks in my hands and kissing her. Again the taste of honey and roses is overwhelming, I can't get enough of it.

I know I've taken her by surprise, but she's quick to recover and reciprocate eagerly, deepening the contact.

Her hands slide down to the hem of my sweatshirt, trying to take it off, and I lift my torso to give her maneuvering space. We interrupt our kiss only for the time needed to throw the now useless piece of fabric somewhere on the floor.

I do the same with her top leaving her breasts completely bare. She pushes me on the mattress again and I feel her hot breath on my skin as she whispers mere inches from my lips.

"God, if I love you."

She starts another kiss, her fingers tracing my jaw-line and I can't get enough of \_her\_. It's the same as being parched and not being able to have enough water, the more I drink the more thirsty I become.

Her hands drag their touch from my face to my collarbone, then my breasts and slip under me to effortlessly unhook my bra.

She leaves a trail of kisses along the curve of my neck until she reaches my chest. I can feel the temperature rising in the room and my breath quicken.

When she takes a nipple between her lips and starts sucking, stars are exploding behind my eyelids. I bury my hands in her short hair as I feel my back arch instinctively, the circling pattern of her tongue making me feel \_things\_.

I feel a moan building at the back of my throat and I'm suddenly really glad no one's at home.

When she switches her lips in favor of her fingers, starting to suck

under my ear to leave a love bite, I can only cry out her name.

Her kisses are open-mouthed and wet and, probably to get a little satisfaction myself, I slowly move the leg she's straddling, pressing on her core with my thigh.

A shockwave of pleasure runs through me when Ruby moans loudly, eyes screwed shut for a moment.

I would've never thought she could be so addicting. Her body, her voice, her eyes, all of her.

I whimper when she drags her tongue on the hickey and groan when she starts nibbling on my earlobe.

I'm tempted to ask her not to be such a tease anymore and just get to business, but I wouldn't be able to finish the sentence without becoming a moaning mess.

As she shifts her body, her hips subtly rolling back and forth, her hands start to fumble with my jeans.

When those are reunited with the other clothes on the floor, our eyes meet. My breath is ragged, her face is flushed and I bet my pupils are as dilated as hers.

She lightly drags her nails on my hipbones, then kisses the exposed skin along the rim of my panties.

I gulp, my legs trembling uncontrollably, her everything too close to where I want and don't want at the same time.

Her palms slide to my upper tights, her lips press on the soaked fabric between my legs and my hips thrust forward, guided by a primal and bare sense of arousal.

I want her, I want more, but if we go further than this I'm afraid I might drown in her presence.

She lifts her eyes once more, a flush on her cheeks and lips slightly parted. She's wordlessly asking for consent again and I'm wondering how much she can really care if, even now, she's stopping to make sure I am comfortable.

I nod once and the only piece of fabric left between me and her suddenly disappears. She stops for a moment, her gaze wandering on every inch of my body.

She's making me conscious of my nudity, every place on which her eye linger burns as if she put an ember on it.

I start to fidget in a poor " and pathetic " attempt at soothing the ache between my legs as she takes all the time she wants.

When our eyes meet again there's a spark dancing there and I need her, \_now, \_in the same way I need air to breath.

But all she does is place a kiss under my navel, then one on the inside of my thigh. Fists curled in the sheets, the next thing I know is that I want this to last forever.

I inhale sharply as I feel her tongue stroking up and down against me, in deliberately slow motions, and her fingertips leaving ghost imprints on my skin.

We're engulfed in a slick heat, the air becoming heavier and warmer as time goes on.

I cry out, incapable of controlling my body nor my voice, her mouth and now her hands too seemingly doing whatever possible to set me aflame.

Liquid fire is running through my veins and pooling at the bottom of my stomach, just waiting to be released.

She slides her free hand on my hip and up, resting it on my side for a moment and moving down again, her skin cool against my flushed body.

A moan escapes Ruby's lips, and that's all it takes to make me climax. White is covering my mind like a sugar coating, there's not a muscle in my body that didn't tense, my lungs stopped working for a while.

Her touch is soft as she slows to a stop, helping me come down from my high.

I'm still trying to catch my breath when she crawls up to be face to face with me. I open my eyes and she's breathing quite heavily, each breath verging on a whimper.

We share a kiss that tastes like myself, but I don't care about anything other than her body on mine.

Her hair is messy, her face flushed and she looks at me with half lidded eyes. When she brings her fingers to her lips and starts licking them clean I can clearly feel a new spark of arousal ignite.

I would've never imagined she could be this enticing and alluring and seductive.

I kiss her again, hooking her legs with mine and reversing our position, pressing a palm on her collarbone. And she's warm and so real under my touch, and my heart flutters in my chest taking in the fact that she's here and I'm also here and on top of her.

Her skin is smooth as I slide both of my palms to her shoulders then arms and forearms, to press my thumbs on her pulsing wrists and intertwine my fingers with hers.

She's panting, her chest rising up and down with deep breaths as we stare at each other longingly.

"Weissâ€|"

My name on her lips is the spell of a witch and I'm the cursed willing victim of her magic.

I lean forward pressing my mouth just above her pulse, feeling her

heart pound under the thin veil of skin and hearing her breath hitch.

I kiss her all over, my lips almost cold on her, her blood boiling in her veins. Now and then one of her muscles twitches, hands never trying to break free of my grasp.

I purposefully avoid her nipples, because I want for this to last as long as possible, even if she'll probably yell at me after for teasing her this much. Still holding her arms in place I drag my tongue on her abs, nibbling lightly here and there.

I am thanking her many years of athletics right in this moment, as I feel her muscles tense and a whimper escape her lips.

Letting go of her hands I lightly kiss each of her wrists and her neck again. Her face is flushed, part of my body pressed against hers, when I lean in for another heated kiss. I take my time exploring her mouth, tugging at her bottom lip, basking in the sounds she makes.

We part only when our lungs burn, the kiss lasting longer than planned. We both have great lung capacity thanks to different trainings and it's enough to draw out the contact for the longest time possible.

Stopping a second to look her in the eyes, I let my gaze wander, incapable of deciding where to stop.

One of her hands reaches up to cup my cheek, drawing imperceptible circles with her thumb.

"I want youâ€| Weissâ€| "

Electricity bolts through her fingers right to my chest, heart suddenly beating so much faster. I really don't want to get this wrong.

I swallow the lump of sudden anxiety in my throat and try to speak. "I-I don't reallyâ€| know whatâ€| what to do."

I mean, I'm not completely clueless, I know my body and surely hers must not be \_that\_ different, but still.

Her lips curve in the lightest and sweetest smile, melting part of my nervousness away, and her voice is reassuring.

"Don't worry, go by instinct, use what you know of your own body. You don't necessarily have to do what I did."

I nod and take a deep breath, closing my eyes to steady myself. Ruby's words are velvety against the black behind my eyelids.

"We can stop if you don't feel like going on, I don't mind as long as you felt good."

I shake my head, smiling.

"Selfless even when you could be selfish, how in the world did I find you?"

I don't give her the time to reply, sealing her lips with yet another kiss. Her hands tangle in my damp hair, lightly pulling. She's capable of making me whimper even when she's not taking the lead.

I move my mouth to her ear, nibbling on her lobe, whispering.

"I want you too, Ruby."

My voice is low and her body shudders under my touch as my hands go to her breasts.

Her skin is soft and she hisses through clenched teeth when I start rolling her two pink peaks between my fingers.

The pulsing under my ear reminds me of her marking and I decide that's only fair for me to give it back, so I leave a hickey a tad higher than where my hands are working, breaking the capillaries with unsurprising ease.

I trace the outline of her body with my fingers until I get to the hem of her jeans, just under her navel.

Her muscles tense again when I kiss her skin the same way she did, hands already starting to peel off the fabric. I look at her for consent and her smile is my cue.

As the jeans add up to the pile of clothes on the floor, I press my palm on the thin, soaking fabric covering her core, eliciting a loud moan from her.

Ruby's face is flushed, eyes clenched shut and mouth open to search for air. Her hands grasp the pillow her head is resting on when I drag my middle finger over her slit.

I leave a trail of kisses on her torso, a bite mark here and there, that leads me to her chest again.

It's my first time, but I'm giving way to instinct. And my instinct says I should touch her everywhere, I want to touch her everywhere, but one of my hands is currently busy.

I focus on her breasts for a little while, mostly as an excuse to be closer to her. She's so warm and I can't believe I'm actually the one who's making her moan and arch like this.

The moment she lifts her hips I take the chance to swiftly take off her panties, feeling how her tights are small, not unlike her frame, but also so strong. With these and her abs she could probably bridal-carry me no problem.

Amidst the cloud of lust clogging my mind and the sound of Ruby's moans and gasps, I hear her breathless voice.

"Iâ€¢| want toâ€¢| hug youâ€¢|"

I smile at her request and move to be face to face with her as I continue my ministrations. When her arms wrap around my shoulders I find my face buried in the crook of her neck.

I let my free hand wander about on her skin, drawing patterns that make no sense. "You're beautiful, Ruby."

She shivers at my words and my finger involuntarily slips in her entrance for a moment, making her breath itch and her nails dig in my back.

"Can I?"

My voice is low, a hot whisper on her scorching skin. A whimper and a nod are her response to my question. It's amazing how much of her trust she's putting in me right now.

I move slowly, because I honestly don't know my way around the bedroom, but I base my movements on her vocal feedback. A little more to the left, to the right, a tad deeper and back out again.

I don't mind her clawing at my skin, as short as her nails might be, because I love feeling all of her pressed against me, her very core at the tip of my fingers. When her hips buckle against my palm and her whimpers morph into full fledged moans of pleasure I know she's getting closer.

All it takes to push her off the edge is a little bit of pressure on her inner walls, that sends her into the same ecstatic high she got me into mere minutes ago.

I slow to a stop the same way she did as her chest is rising up and down quickly, gulping down mouthfuls of air. I wipe my hand on the sheets, because I'm really not as daring as she is.

I move from on top of her, giving her the chance to breathe properly, but not before leaving a kiss on her pulse. I smile when I feel the marks on my back burn lightly.

"How did it feel? Was I any good?"

She holds up a single finger, eyes closed, signaling for me to wait. And I wait, despite the irrational fear creeping up my spine that says I messed up somewhere along the line.

When she's calmed down she turns her body towards me, smiling, silver eyes still clouded with remnants of pleasure.

"Thank you" she exhales, touching my forehead with hers. "You were great. Really great."

She's staring in my eyes again and my breath catches in my throat when she reaches to tuck a few stray locks behind my ear.

I blush, heavily, and her smile gets stained with just a tad more confidence. "What about me?"

My voice is less than a whisper as I answer. "You were amazing, Ruby."

I know she's smiling when her palm rests on my cheek and I close my eyes instinctively, her thumb tracing the contours of my scar.

The silence that follows is not really what I could define as

'awkward', but it's charged with unuttered words. I know she wants to ask questions, but I don't know whether I want to answer them or not.

I can feel her fingers brushing away the bangs sticking to my forehead with the same delicacy one would use with crystal. Then she kisses the spot just under my left eye and I know what to do.

"I was inside the SDC's headquarters the day it was attacked by terrorists, ten years ago."

"You didn't really have to answer something I didn't even ask, you know?" she whispers. Raising our voices more than this seems too odd to even consider it. We're close enough to hear anyway.

"I kind of had a feeling you were really curious" I counter, eyes still closed and fingertips tracing the inside of her arm.

"TouchÃ©" she concedes. Her tone darkens. "Butâ€|. Are you talking about J1?"

"Yes. Me and my sister had finally managed to see our father after New Year's. There were snipers all around the building and we didn't know. The moment the windows shattered, that was the only moment we noticed. I was waiting for Winter and talking to the secretary, when a shard of glass hit me. The others just hit my back, I turned around fast enough. Sheâ€| didn't."

I take a deep breath and try to swallow the lump that formed in my throat. I want her to know, because I feel like that's the right thing, but the other part of me wants to shut up just as badly as the other one wants to spill the beans.

She waits, patiently as ever, in silence, but keeping her hand on me. She shifts a few inches closer.

"One second we were just talking about how she'd celebrated and the second after Iâ€| found myself on the floor with her body motionless beside me. We'd been taught, \_trained\_, to face every single possible catastrophic scenario. I held my breath and-and hoped the blood I had on me was enough to make me seem dead. Iâ€| passed out after the terrorists came to check and to finish who was still breathing. I really believe there was a God watching over me at that time."

I started crying and the teardrops are slowly but surely running down the bridge of my nose to crash soundlessly on the pillow.

When Ruby presses her body against mine there's no desire, no lust, just so much love. She's hugging me to try keeping me together. And right now I really feel like I could crumble to pieces.

Her hands are warm on my back, brushing on the scars that dreaded first of January left, as I cry my eyes out on her chest.

I feel like a heavy weight was lifted from my lungs and I could finally breathe again after a long time. And even if I don't want to be a crybaby, now that the dam is open I have no way to stop it.

"S-sheâ€| died right beside me" I hear myself choke out. "She-

Meekah, was the only one whoâ€¦who didn't expect anything from meâ€¦ Sh-she treated me like a-a normal person and I-"

A sob interrupts my word-vomit and Ruby holds me closer, mindful not to hurt me in any way. Her grip on me is strong nonetheless.

"Shhâ€¦ calm down Weiss, it's all right" she soothes, caressing my hair.

"But I-Iâ€¦ wasn't -"

"You couldn't do anything" she whispers, now drawing slow circles on my back with her other hand. "You were just a childâ€¦"

And, even over my own sobbing, I can hear how much sorrow there is in those few words.

"It's all right now, breathe."

Her voice I soothing, but I still feel my blood roar through my veins, swallowing the regular thumping of her heartbeat.

I shake my head, my hands resting on her chest clenching into fists. "I-I deserve the scars, I deserved all the pain! It was my fault!"

The voice I hear coming from my mouth is not mine, and it's a horrible sound. Raspy, burning and so, so desperate.

I can still taste the iron on my lips and smell the sickly scent that clung to the air.

I feel Ruby's body flinch as it's still pressed tightly against mine. The rational part of my brain that's miraculously still there yells at me, I'm losing control.

"Weiss, Weiss! That's not true, you're not the one at fault! You didn't kill her!"

Her hands are trying to push me away just a tad, to look at me, to let me breathe, but I'm glued to her and I won't let go.

Again the sounds that could make someone shiver pass though my lips. "I did! It's my name the killers follow, it's because Meekah got closer to me than others!"

At this point I don't care about the tears anymore, my tongue became as sharp as a razorblade.

"I was born with a target painted on my back and it ended up on her too."

Uttering those words make my mouth bleed. Because they're so true it hurts. None of us ever mentions it, but it's the bare and cold truth. Outcasts, because everyone that gets involved with our family ends up in a coffin.

Saying that the silence that follows is deafening would be an euphemism. I can feel goosebumps rising on my skin and my heart pump blood at an alarming pace.

That's the moment I realise that, even if I do love Ruby, she won't be spared the dangers my surname carries with it.

I don't want to chain her to an insecure future, I don't want her to fear for her own safety, I don't want her to forget what living a normal life feels like. I don't want.

"Youâ€| and I- " \_Why won't I shut up?\_

Those few syllables are enough for her to stop me. When she sighs there's sadness painted over her usual smile. "Weiss, I'll take a guess at what you're thinking. What happened then is not going to happen to me."

"How-how can you be so sure?" \_Shut up, shut up, shut up.\_

She brushes her lips on my nose, catching a stray tear, and then bringing my head to the dark safety of the crook of her neck.

"It won't happen again, I'm sure. Security increased, technology is a great help, people are more conscious of the world around them. Nothing is the same as that time, not even you. I can't really tell, but I think you could call it a hunch. You're safe, Weiss, \_we're safe.\_"

For the first time from the start of this conversation, I'm able to properly reciprocate her hug, wrapping my arms around her shoulders and holding thigh onto her.

It doesn't matter if it's not true, with only words she managed to quell the fear that had been gnawing at my heart for years. Every stranger could be a killer, every gaze a threat. I'd let myself be swallowed in fear for so long that I can't believe I'm finally out of it.

We stay there for God knows how long and I feel Ruby's chest tremble with suppressed laughter. It's not denigratory, it's not disrespectful, it's caring. She dries my tears and their trails with her lips.

"I'm happy to see you've calmed down a bit" she whispers as soon as she feels my breathing return to normal. I love the sound of her smiling voice.

"I hate myself when I do that." I hate how easily I can enter a state of panic where all of my anxieties and most irrational thoughts band together to crowd my mind and cloud my judgment.

Her breathing is regular, her heartbeat is strong and her voice is calm. "You shouldn't. It's human to have those kind of moments, it happens to everyone." She slightly pulls out to look me in the eyes. Her expressions softens once more. "And, by the way, last I checked there was no target on you back, and I checked not too long ago."

Heat reddens my cheeks when the thought of her seeing me change â€" seeing me naked â€" heavily sits in the middle of my mind, erasing every bad memory I could be thinking about.

She laughs and it's music. "You don't get to blush for that after all we did, you know that, right?"

I punch her arm repeatedly, embarrassed to death, but that only makes her laugh harder. I feel offended that she's the one to make \_sex jokes\_, of all things, because she's younger than me and she \_doesn't get to make me flustered,\_ more so in a bedroom.

I voice my doubts as she's drying tears of laughter from the corners of her eyes. "I have a question: where the hell did you learn thoseâ€| \_things\_?"

The memory of her mouth on me assaults my mind and I think I'm dying right then and there, what with her whole body pressed against mine.

"Well, it's a long story" she smiles sheepishly. At my (probably) demanding gaze she continues. "But, long story short, Yang \_is\_ a good teacher after all."

I blink a couple of times, not sure of what I heard. Then I see Ruby's eyes widen in surprise-mixed-with-horror and a scarlet blush creep up her neck.

"Oh my God, that came out so wrong! I made it sound like I had se-  
Ew, ew, ew, ew! I-I don't even want to think about something like that, oh my God! EW!"

I really didn't need the image of them doingâ€| Well, \_that\_, but I won't say a word on the matter. Not even a syllable.

With both her hands covering her face Ruby explains, trying to cover her horrible, terrible, \_disastrous\_ use of words. "What I meant was that Yang likes to always brag about the awesome sex she has with her partners and this and that. She won't ever tell dad that, for obvious reasons, so I'm the one left to hear about her sexual exploits. In detail."

A weary sigh escapes her lips and she won't look at me. Cute.

"But what about Blake? Couldn't she listen?" I dumbly ask.

Her answer comes with the face of someone who would rather be swallowed whole by the ground itself. "She usually is the co-protagonist of said exploits."

\_Great\_, another image I didn't need. I should consider shutting up more often.

End  
file.